Miss Mariana's Family

By Hilda Morris

Miss Mariana Winn's old house fronted on Shannon Square. Shannon Square was not large. It was one of those blessed bits of green that offer playgrounds for children, shade on hot days, and sunny benches on the crisp, cool afternoons that come in the late September.

There were always plenty of people in Shannon Square, for below it was a poorer section of the city, crowded with children. The children sought the park as ducks seek water, and older people followed—big sisters to look after the children, old men who liked to sit and watch life go past, and sometimes young people who anxiously scanned the "Help Wanted" columns in the papers.

Miss Mariana liked to open the long white shutters at her front window and watch the people in the Square She had no veranda, and the little park was her front yard. She loved it at all times of the year, but especially in autumn, when the leaves piled up for children to play in and the branches, half unveiled, traced delicate patterns against the sky.

In truth Miss Mariana was sometimes a little lonely and she found comfort in the people outside. She used to imagine things about them; make up romantic stories about their apparently sordid lives. Her own life had been so quiet, so remote from romance, that it thrilled her delicately even to think of romantic things, such as love affairs and travel and adventure. Miss Mariana was only twenty-eight, but she had spent her life in a quiet round of duties that was like a still back-water in the city's busy life. Her mother had been an invalid, requiring constant care, and when she did Mariana was thin and a bit faded, with a spare figure and plain coiffure that were far from girlish. Yet there was a look of innocent youth in her eyes, shy, and a bit wistful. There was no one to notice it, however, and she continued to live alone in the old house, watching the people in the park and filling her days with dreams.

There was one young man in particular who sat in the Square very often. He brought a little boy with him—a fine, sturdy child of about four, who romped on the patch of lawn with the other children. The young man himself always seemed to be busy. He would write steadily for several hours at a time, only looking up now and then to call the child, or going after him if play became too rough. Sometimes the little boy would come and climb upon the bench with his father, snuggling a curly head against his shoulder. And the young man would pat the child and go on working, now and then looking down to smile at his little son. They seemed to be good pals.

Mariana tried vainly to imagine what the young man might be doing. Also, she wondered where the mother was and why there was no one else to care for the boy. She often hoped that the young father, who must be a widower, would notice some of the pretty girls who sat in the park. It was a shame for such a pleasant man to look so lonely. But he never did notice any of the girls. After all, he looked quite like a gentleman, and they were not his kind of girls. He was probably an author; she had heard that they were usually poor.

"I wonder that child doesn't get into mischief," thought Miss Mariana. "I guess it's a good thing I'm sitting here wrapped up in that book, or whatever it is he's writing."

And then as the young man looked up, gazing abstractly, apparently toward the window where she sat, Mariana leaned forward eagerly to notice his fine, clean profile. Her eyes were bright with an innocent interest. It never occurred to her that he might be looking at her—nobody had ever cared much about looking at her, even when she was very young. Unconscious of his gaze, she sat there, rocking gently, between her long white shutters, the very picture of homely peace and quiet. After that the author's eyes strayed often from his work, as though he must seek inspiration in the walls of a red-brick cottage or the long white shutters at its windows.

The day after this the young man did not come into the park at all. Mariana, having finished her simple household tasks, took her place at the accustomed window, eager for a sight of the life that moved about outside. If she was eager for the sight of one particular person she did not know it herself. Her heart was unused to even the first throb of that emotion called love. Love as she had read about it was a thrilling thing, that came upon one suddenly, usually in some picturesque environment, and she had never imagined that it could steal over any woman like a gentle warning tide of happiness. However, she was happy; there was a shine in her eyes and a budding smile upon her lips. Although she did not know it, Mariana Winn was looking younger than usual.

But as the afternoon went on the smile faded a little. She wanted to see the little boy. She searched eagerly among the throngs of children. Ah, there he was! A stout, rosy-faced young girl had him firmly by the hand She was leading him toward the bench where the father usually sat. Miss Mariana craned her head to look at the young woman. Somehow she had never supposed the little boy's mother would look like that. He was adorably brown-curled, but she wore flaxen frizzes that looked suspiciously artificial. She was a bit untidy, too, and her soiled white shoes were run down at the heels. A long sigh of disappointment escaped Miss Mariana, and some frail thing of the spirit seemed borne away from her on its faint breath. The shine had left her eyes, but she sat watching.

Being comfortable established on the bench, the blonde-haired young woman drew out a novel and began to read. The little boy danced away to play, and the autumn afternoon shadows lengthened visibly. At last it grew very dark and chill at Miss Mariana's window.

Suddenly the air was rent by a child's shrill scream—shrill enough to be heard above the sounds of traffic and the noise of children's play. Mariana Winn looked out quickly to see the little boy—his little boy—with blood streaming from a hurt on his forehead. He had fallen perhaps, or—Miss Mariana did not wait for conjectures. She rushed out into the park and gathered the weeping child into her arms, smoothing the dark curls from the cut on his head. It was not a serious injury, but she bore him into the house, followed by a troupe of curious youngsters.

She had completely forgotten the blonde-haired young woman, and it was not until she had washed the cut and bound it up, and established Tommy on the sofa with a ginger cooky, that an angry ring at the door proclaimed the fact that the young woman was in search of him. Moreover, she was not alone. The father, white with anxiety, stepped in first.

"Where—" he began. Then, seeing Tommy, he hugged the child and turned to Mariana with eager, anxious questions.

"He isn't hurt much," she assured him. "Only he was frightened, and there seemed to be no one near—"

"Where were you, Theresa?" he asked sharply, turning to the rosy blonde.

"I—why I was just over by the gate talking to a fella. I—"

"That will do for you, then. I hired you to look after Tommy. If you can't do it better than that you may go."

"All right, I'll go then," she retorted pertly. And Miss Mariana's door slammed after her, leaving a strange quiet behind it.

The young man sat looking at her with wistful eyes, that made Miss Mariana drop her own, and a warm blush filled her cheeks. He was speaking—something about being very grateful to her for looking after the child, something about being very lonely, and having no one to care for Tommy. Whatever it was he said, it sent strange thrills of ecstasy through Mariana Winn. When she spoke she looked so young and eager one would scarcely have known her.

"Bring him here again," she was saying. "I'd love to take care of Tommy sometimes. I've nothing else to do, and I love children. Bring him when ever you like; but please don't leave him to any such nursemaids again. I'd so much rather you'd bring him here."

"I will, then," he agreed, "if you really mean it. And I wonder—could I come again some time, too?"

"Oh, yes," she nodded lightly. "Of course. Only I don't believe I know your name."

"Henry Moore. And you are Miss Winn, I know. I will come again."

He said this as if he meant it. And Miss Mariana knew that he meant it. She went about her work singing after they were gone. For deep in her heart she knew.

Portable Telephone.

"This is only the eleventh time I have been up and down stairs to answer that telephone this morning," sighed a physician's wife. "I should like to sew just one hour in peace."

"Why don't you have a portable telephone?" suggested the sympathetic seamstress. "Mrs. X has one, and my! you have no idea the steps it saves her. You know she is quite a club woman, and has so many calls. The arrangement is simply an ordinary desk telephone with a very long cord. When she goes up to the den at the head of the stairs to sew or write, it seems funny enough to see her go telephone in hand. In the kitchen she has it handy on the cabinet, and when resting on the living porch she does not even have to get out of the hammock to answer a telephone call. Your telephone being stationary at the stairway landing, a similar arrangement could be effected."

Impertinent.

"I wish to report the clerk in your office," said the irate spinster of mature years to the manager of the seaside hotel. "She's most impertinent."

"How so, madam?"

"I inquired whether my rooms had been reserved, and she called out to the porter, 'Do you think this lady's sweet sixteen?'"

And it took the manager a quarter of an hour to convince her that "suite" 16 was meant.

Congratulations.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said the mild stranger.

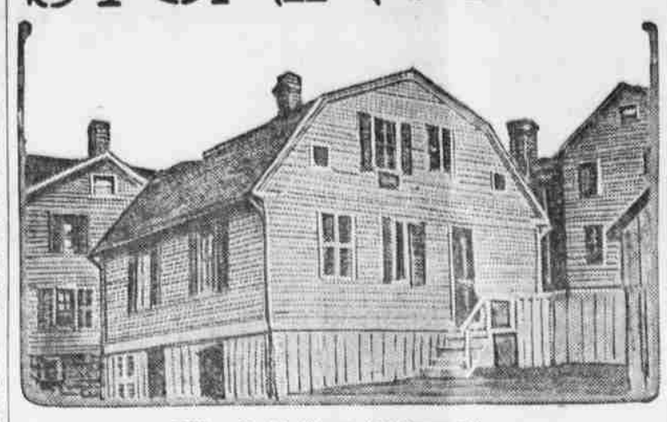
"What for?" asked the grumpy man.

"Oh, anything—nothing—the glorious weather, the green fields, the birds, the fact that you are well and strong. Isn't that something?"

"No."

"Then congratulate me for not having a disposition like yours."

OLD STONINGTON



Billings-Burtch House, 150 Years Old.

BY THE peaceful waters of Long Island sound, ancient Stonington sits and dreams of the victorious conflicts of the past. The summer visitor is now the only invader and even he is oftentimes conquered by the beauty of sea and shore. If he loves the flavor of antiquity, his fate is sealed and Stonington has added one more to the list of her conquests.

What other Connecticut town was ever the scene of an American victory over the British? Stonington twice defeated the naval forces of England; once in 1775 and again in 1814!

The conquests of the old town were not, however, limited to battle alone. The sea was hers, traversed as it was by her whaling and sealing ships as well as by her passenger packets. The unknown corners of the earth acknowledged her supremacy, for a Stonington captain was the first to see the Fanning islands, and Capt. Nathaniel Palmer discovered the Antarctic continent.

In the world of art, James MacNeill Whistler was a pioneer spirit, and Whistler lived at two periods of his life in Stonington.

After the long series of conquests, beginning with the Indian and ending with the summer visitor, Stonington now enjoys the fruits of victory. In peace she sits under her ancient elms, while the harbor waters lap her shores and surge beneath the ruined wharves. It is recorded that Rufus Choate once said of Stonington that it was the only place he had ever seen that was entirely finished.

Spirit of Its Early Settlers.

The spirit that moved Stonington to defy the British on the 20th of August, 1775, more than ten months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was indigenous to the community. In fact, the earliest settlers of the region, in 1658, published their own Declaration of Independence.

After Massachusetts and Connecticut had united to overthrow the Pequot Indians, each colony claimed the conquered territory, which extended from the Thames river to Connecticut to Weekapaug in Rhode Island. The settlers of Stonington (then called Mystic and Pawcatuck) applied to the general court at Hartford to be set off as a separate town, but the opposition of New London led to the refusal of the application.

In 1657 the petitioners sent an urgent message to Massachusetts, which colony had a claim to the area in dispute, but Massachusetts likewise refused the request of the little settlement in the wilds.

Whereupon a miniature republic was evolved under the name of "The Association of Poquatuck People."

In the same year, however, the commissioners appointed to settle the dispute between Massachusetts and Connecticut returned their decision. They divided the conquered territory equally, with the Mystic river as the boundary line. Thus the little settlement of "Mystic and Pawcatuck" was not left alone "to defend the peace of the place."

Lottery for a Church.

These settlers on the borders of the wilderness had for the most part sprung from the better classes; indeed, a large part of them could trace their descent through a line of knights and gentlemen. Yet in this new country they were proud to become good farmers, blacksmiths, shoemakers or weavers.

In 1774 the residents of that part of Stonington borough known as Long Point (now Stonington village) were in dire need of a church edifice. As they felt too poor to build a new one they petitioned the general assembly at Hartford for leave to hold a lottery for this purpose.

The general assembly granted their petition, but it was not until 1777 that the lottery was drawn and the funds secured. At that time the Revolutionary war had begun and most of the money was used for the defense of the village; the remainder, which had been invested in continental bills, was lost by reason of their complete depreciation.

Captain Palmer and His House.

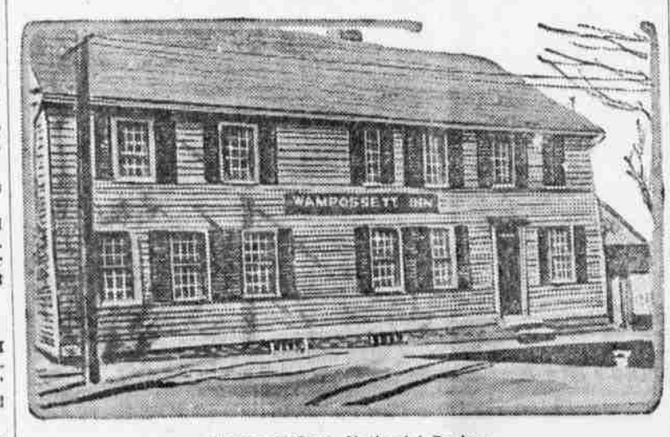
Capt. Nathaniel Palmer, when only a boy of twenty-one, became master of the sloop Hero and sailed on a sealing voyage to the South Shetland islands. Whaling and sealing ventures brought wealth to Stonington shipowners and captains, but this voyage of Captain Palmer resulted in a "find" more valuable than any cargo, however rich. The "find" was the Antarctic continent.

The Hero was one of a squadron of vessels that reached Yankee Harbor, Deception island, during the season of 1820-21. It was from that place that the lookout, on an unusually clear day discovered a volcano in action. Captain Palmer was dispatched in the Hero, a sloop of only 45 tons' burden, to examine the mountain and the region in which it was situated. The boy sailed safely across the uncharted sea and found an unknown continent.

The home of the discoverer of the Antarctic continent still stands in Stonington and is now the Wamposssett inn. Like its old owner, it has withstood the buffetings of the sea. In a great September gale which swept the coast a century ago, this house was lifted from its foundations by the force of the waves and dropped into the cellar. As there were no jackscrews in those days, the building was gradually brought back into place by wedges.

Stonington "before the war" was a Newport where it is said the Wadawanuck sometimes registered 100 new guests in a day. People like the Van Alens, the Whistlers, the Duc de Choiseul and Col Vose who were known on two continents, chose to sojourn for the summer by the peaceful waters of Stonington harbor.

The old lighthouse which stands at the tip of Long Point and looks out over Little Narragansett bay is nowadays only a monument to the past prosperity of the port. For years it watched over a multitude of successful ships as they came and went, until at last they sailed away never to return. Now it is itself discarded; like the old 18-pounders on the Green, that once roared their defiance to the British, the lighthouse is but a reminder of the conquests of Stonington.



House of Capt. Nathaniel Parker.

Lured Away.

"I thought you said your cook was a jewel beyond price."

"So I did."

"But she's gone."

"Yes. One of the neighbors discovered that she had a price."

Her Last Word.

Mr. B. (during the quarrel)—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money.

Mrs. B.—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.

Great Expectations.

He—Do you think your father will put down anything when I tell him we are to be married?

She—I know he will, dearest; his foot.

BRINGS OUT LATENT TRAITS

War Develops Hidden Qualifications of Many Young Heroes Now in Government's Service.

"It takes all sorts of things to bring out latent traits in us all." The speaker in the club car rolled his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. The other occupants sat silently, surmising that a story was coming, recounts a writer in an exchange.

"Knew a young fellow over East. Father had lots of money. Son did not seem inclined to add a great deal to it by working, but made several dents in the family purse by his spending. Not that he was a bad boy at heart—only thoughtless. Sometimes I think the rich father was attempting to make a business man out of a man never intended for that sort of life. The boy did not seem to be able to find his niche. Said to me one day when he had gotten confidential: 'You know, my only fear is that I am not going to make something out of myself that will make dad proud of me.' And the two surely did love each other. One day the boy asked the father for several thousand dollars. It was forthcoming. Then he asked the father to cash a check for some money left him by his dead mother. He got that. Then the boy sort of dropped out of New York life.

"Next thing I knew he was a lieutenant in the aviation section of the army. He had bought two airplanes, taken them down into the country to one of his father's farms and learned to fly. Guess those that knew him thought it was another of his money-burning ways. But when he thought himself competent he went to the government and simply said: 'Here I am, ready for any service you may have for me,' and the government took him up in a hurry. He may be in France. But you should have seen that father's face light up every time he mentioned that boy. And when he does get back from France he and his father are going to be greater pals than ever, if that be possible.

"Now I am not going to say that many young men are going to have about $20,000 at their beck and call to demonstrate that it only needs the occasion to make men out of them, but I do say that there are scores of young men doing just as much or more."

Switzerland Like United States.

Switzerland is the only European example of a federative and democratic republic of the American type, observes a writer. Switzerland, as the United States, was born from a desire for emancipation from autocratic despotism; like the United States, Switzerland never believed in the divine right of kings. The very past which the ancient federates, on that quiet spot, the "Rutli," on the classic Lake of Lucerne on August 1, 1291, swore to, embodies that great principle for which now, 626 years later, the United States is fighting, namely, to quote President Wilson's own words, "For the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments." There the old Swiss proclaimed self-government against the autocratic rule of the Hapsburg, in the following words: "We ordain and direct with unanimous accord, that in the above-mentioned valleys we shall recognize no judge who shall have bought his rights with money or in any other manner, or who shall not be a native and an inhabitant of these districts."

Futile Disputes.

In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit the important one of never entering into dispute or argument with another.

I never saw an instance of one of two disputants convincing the other by argument.

I have seen many, on their getting warm, becoming rude and shooting one another.

Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude or weighing within ourselves, dispassionately, what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves. It was one of the rules which, above all others, made Doctor Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never to contradict anybody." If he was urged to announce an opinion, he did it rather by asking questions, as if for information, or by suggesting doubts—Thomas Jefferson.

German Schooling.

German schooling has proved antagonistic to co-operation, although demanding unity of action through mass obedience, Winthrop Talbot writes in the Century. It has failed to foster real co-operation, for co-operation is a method by which persons of their own volition and by no compulsion may work together harmoniously. Only when training and schooling are the common privilege of all is that state of civic development possible which permits society to become co-operative in its action. In other words, a socialized society becomes more possible only as all individual members acquire each the widest vision, and thus the power to co-operate harmoniously.

Pay of Our Marine Chaps.

The pay of officers and crews of vessels in the American merchant marine is as follows: Captain, $250 a month; chief officer, $140; second officer, $130; third officer, $120; chief engineer, $190; first assistant engineer, $140; second assistant engineer, $130; third, assistant engineer, $130; carpenters, $75; boatswain, $70; oiler, $60; coal passers, $50. In addition to the regular wages the officers and men now receive bonuses, which materially increase their earnings.

FOR THE SOLDIERS

Button and Sewing Bag Suggested as Suitable Gift.

Monograms or Initials May Be Embroidered on Outside of Needle Case if Desired.

A button and sewing bag has been suggested as a very suitable gift for the soldier boys in France or in the home-training camps. The directions for making such a bag are given as follows:

Use khaki cloth or brown ribbon one-half yard long, and as wide as a spool of linen thread (first hemming or binding the edges on the length).

Make a loop of ribbon, leaving unhemmed edges at top. Place spool in loop and sew across at top (or cross stitch or binding could be used), thread pulling out at one side.

Next place paper of needles above spool and sew at top, leaving it loose

Button and Sewing Bag.

enough for the needle case to be slipped in and out easily.

Sew up both side edges above to form a button bag, turn down hem at top and run in red, white and blue ribbon, leaving long loops to hang up by or to roll up and tie.

Monograms or initials may be embroidered on outside of needle case before the bag is finished.

Round pinballs may be made to fit each end of spool, filled with pins; a hole bored in center of each and loops or bows of ribbon attached, letting the ribbon go through spool and fastening tightly to hold pinballs in place.

Also a row of safety pins could be inserted just as the needles were, but extra length must be added before you start to work.

These are very pretty made of fancy ribbon, using French knots or cross-stitching, bows, etc.

FRESH AIR GOOD EOR FACE

Idea That Skin Should Be Protected by Thick Veils in Winter Is Declared Mistaken One.

It is a mistaken idea that bundling up to the eyes and covering the face with thick veils protects the skin in the winter, says a writer in Farm and Fireside. The more the face is exposed to the fresh air the better it will be for the complexion, and there is nothing more invigorating and beneficial than a brisk walk during a snow flurry. Never carry an umbrella when it is snowing. The best kind of water to wash your face in is soft rain water, and as snow is only frozen water, there is surely no reason why it should be injurious to the skin.

Do not wash your face before going out into the open air, but if cleansing is necessary, apply cold cream and rub it well into the pores, afterward wiping the face well with a soft towel. Cleanse the face with cold cream and a good massage cream at least once a week, and apply a lotion to the face, hands and lips every night before retiring. The lips are more susceptible to cold and chap more easily than any other part of the face.

SIZES OF HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Cut and Dried Rules Exist for Guidance of Housewife Who Makes Own Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Many women make their own household linens, especially bed linens, preferring to buy their material by the yard and seam it up into bed size. Better material can thus be afforded for the same outlay of money. There are some things which the housewife who makes her own sheets and pillow cases ought to know. First, that a sheet should be 30 inches wider than the mattress and from 20 to 30 inches longer. This allows for a comfortable tucking in all around. Sheet hems should be 3 inches wide at the top and 1 at the bottom. Pillow cases are one yard long and 1¼ inches wider than the pillow. Hems of pillow cases should be 2 to 2½ inches deep. Central seams in a pillow case should be finished with a flat hem on the right side. This kind of a hem not only looks better, but wears and irons better than a French seam.

Table linen has a more or less cut and dried rule for size, too. A cloth should hang not more than 18 inches at the sides. Dinner-size napkins run about 27 by 27 inches. Breakfast or informal meals require a 22-inch cloth, and luncheon napkins vary from 12 to 15 inches square.

In towels a certain amount of labor is saved if a scale of sizes is followed. Thus for guest towels it is well to know that the standard size is about 15 or 16 by 24 inches; face towels, 22 or 24 by 40 inches; bath towels (Turkish), 22 or 24 by 24 inches.

MATERIALS FOR THE WRAP

Self-Brocades in Soft Satin or in Satin and Velvet Preferred by Some to Gorgeous Metallics.

For those who do not care for the gorgeous metallics and the luminous velvets there are self-brocades in soft satin or in satin and velvet, which are decidedly worth while for the wrap.

In some instances these come in dull gray, which combines beautifully with chinchilla or with better grades of squirrel. And right here it is worth noting that Austrian opossum is back and is being used alike for evening and day coats.

Kolinsky is another fur to which the Paris and American designers have been partial in its association with rich wraps. Ermine, of course, is considered the fur par excellence for evening wear.

It is wonderfully alluring when associated with the beautiful velvets or with dark brocades. It does not seem to be as effective when it is used to trim the metallic garments, perhaps because the latter need a dark fur to bring out their special beauty.

GOOD YEAR FOR MADE-OVERS

Economy the Watchword in Providing Clothing for Grown-Ups as Well as for the Children.

Dresses made entirely of velvet or velveteen are considered very smart for girls of all ages, from the very little girl of five or six years to the twelve-year-old, but when other materials than velveteen or velvet are selected, it is usually noted that either two colors or two materials are combined.

Plain serge may be combined with plaid, velvet or velveteen may be combined with serge or wool jersey or with taffeta, etc.

This state of affairs as regards styles serves the same excellent purpose in dressing the younger members of the family as in outfitting the grownups. That is, economy may be served without appearance suffering, as last-season garments may be brought attractively up-to-date at slight additional expense.

ATTRACTIVE DANCE FROCK

This charming dance dress is made of white georgette with a broad sash of silver tissue, and drapery of white silver lace. The frock is made for the fanciful bud, who knows just what she wants, when she sees it.

Youth Has Charm.

The smartest women are today dressing in the simplest fashion. This is not only on account of the war, but it is also because the women of this country are coming to realize that clothes must express personality, and they do not wish to be classed as women who are loud in their tastes and given to magnificence of dress on the street, says a fashion writer. The girl who keeps herself young as long as she can, who is dainty about her person and wears simple things, will find that her charm will be much greater than that of the girl who starts in at an early age to copy some actress or other woman of mature years, who would give all of her aids to beauty for just one-half of a young girl's charm.

The Useful Tunic.

The tunic is to make an important feature in the winter's fashions, and women who have last seasons' gowns that they would like to remake will be glad of this. Very often a wide skirt can be cut off to make a successful tunic and worn oved a narrower skirt of contrasting material. A variety of tunic designs are offered.

Plain Sleeves.

Sleeves, this season, are long. A good many of them fit close enough to outline the arm, and there is an attempt being made to introduce a little fullness into the top of the sleeve, something on the order of the leg o' mutton. And it looks as though the attempt might be welcomed.